Free Item, donations appreciated.

May-December

gideon hart

Dear reader,

The poems in this booklet are sorted by creation date. I wrote them May-December 2025.

On Monday 12/1/2025, the state Gaming Facility Location Board recommended three casinos, two in Queens and one in the Bronx. Steve Cohen's "Metropolitan Park" is a particular blight that the Flushing community has been fighting against under the banner *No Casino in Flushing Meadows Corona Park*. I am a Mets fan (which occurs/recurs in my work), but much more than that I pray sabotage and blight upon the casino, ruin to Steve Cohen, and victory to *No Casino FMCP*!

I also recommend that New York City residents look into and fight against the Williams NESE Pipeline, a recently resurrected expansion of the Rockaway Delivery Lateral, which was completed in 2015.

To reserve a free copy of my forthcoming (non-poetry) zine about private equity in public libraries, email subject line "PEPL Subscribe" with your mailing address in the email body to WhatShouldWeDo@pm.me.

Yours,
Gideon

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“It was peaceful to read, and sometimes I could feel the words kissing my face”

– June Jordan, in *Soldier: A Poet’s Childhood* (2000)

“as if, inside my body, a hand was gently closing…”

– Marion in Wim Wenders’s *Wings of Desire* (1987)

Thursday, May 15, 2025 at 5:57 PM

I'm going to adapt all this stupid brilliance,
this nothing-something I can afford.
To live in a way that I like it, to

eat the barest cents-worth
of untoasted whole wheat
sandwich slice, $2.99 a loaf.

Because I want it to be over.

So I can curl in the cup of my bed
With my gloves and my
idiot implements...

The radio interrupts and I try to write through it,
making my eyeballs bug and my brain bleed probably.
A little too high.

My steed connected right away!

My sweet steed Lightning forces case

like some applications force orientation!

Writing slower than I would with thumbs.

Beginning at the beginning...
Giving myself the illusion of privacy.

Seeing the city fall and living a little beyond it.

Living now to pluck even one chunk
of the white of the big eye,
dreaming of chewing
the optic nerve.

To rise up swinging
applying torsion.

The edges I've been pulled over.

Give me one, I'll give you anything.

There's a lot I want to say but I'm not awake enough to say it.

The rhythm is complex.

Villages are massacred.

I read, I draw, I eat my beans.

I consider how to stop the bleed.

Paratext or threshold[1]

paranormal sphere of experience
experiential sphere of knowledge
knowledgeable sphere of action

joy,
popularity,
practice and
prognostication!

accounting the unknown and unknowable

the quire as the fraction of the ream
the quire irrespective of the page

you write your panegyric
you give your panegyric

1 Written while reading Jonathan Green's, *Printing and Prophecy* and riding the Megabus on the NJ Tpke.

“Location required.”[2]

I am my father but better,
suited in my own
flesh.

Often marring
our shared face.

How evil
of me!

Last night: big fucking zit;
a semisolid waxen blackhead
in a pond of pus
that, once passed
(stony thing!), released
a bright ellipse of blood.

I applied direct pressure,
overcome with total grief.

As the systems fail
or feather, fry or fissure,
life itself becomes notorious.
Gigantic.

The nerve!

I slept, I dreamt, I woke. I was
dazzled by the layers
I had to crawl
through to get up,
filmed by their clinging muck.

Through morning,
I tried to imagine
owning the flecks in my own eyes
half as much as some men think they own everything.

This morning,
I boarded the bus
out of state.

2 A version of this poem first appeared in the “Kakistocracy” issue of *MEMEZINE*. https://www.memezinelit.com/kakistocracy

I'm still here
on it.

As we pass Arthur Kill, then cross
the jagged banks of the Raritan
River, my nether convulses with blood.

In a time crisis. Forever
three steps from what
ever "It" is.

For me, forever one heavy day,
even eschewing introspection...

There's a kid with a game. He scrolls
his inventory. He switches from knife
(stabbing) to gun (shooting) to sword (stabbing). He's making
a snuff panorama of colorful
vegheadeded noodle men.

He pinches, zooms out, flings
their bodies up to dangle.
He spreads, zooms
all the way in
on the blood on the hilt of the sword.

The noodle men keep lining up
for execution. He beheads them,
playing God twice, altering
the flightpath of each
head as it spurts
from each neck.

The program crashes and reboots.
> Clear living? <
> Clear everything? <

The kid scrolls his inventory.
Syringes, flasks of every
conceivable liquid. Milk
and acid. Explosives, hooked
implements. Medicines if he,
like The State, "only"
wants to maim.

In the end, he hefts the same old sword
to skewer one noodle man through the
head and the other through the dick,
both at the same time.

He yawns with satisfaction.

I try to close my eyes. It isn't
"just playing," it's encoding. It’s
none of my business. To stop it
won't stop the rest.

Now well past
the Hooters, the Crystal
Springs, Pacific and Everlast.

Here and anywhere
should be enough
for a riot.

Pack light and overprepare.
Pretend nothing
outpaces the ready.

The worldwide cry: Oh someone,
oh criminal, oh Death, just
do something already!

Extreme acts of protest
are extreme acts of
discernment.

Notorious life roils forward each night.

And still: Nations. Idiots. Infinite
chambers. Complex arrangements.

Tomorrow learning how
to shoot a gun. The next day
learning how
to take apart
a gun.

I peel my mind from my mind's sticking place, off that thing
that anchors me to the rim of my consciousness. My teeth
retract from the thigh of our experience.

I relax because I teach myself to relax.

Plots by their nature
shouldn't be written.

Just because "it is written"
doesn't mean it's true.

The poem admits nothing.

Emptied bag of public health versus
database of severe allergies
of heads of state and CEOs.

They chase purity, i.e. smithereens.

What happens if we get there first?

I make the circle
unbroken, then break it
to make sure I understand.

oh hateful fragile agile continuity

stop-starting
under planets

coming to terms with my injury

a phase change that wants to be free

I know it reminds you of something.

Soon I will go to my bed
but first I'll play a game where I try
to no-kill capture
my thoughts.

Let's not talk of the soul.

Everyone has a skull for a while.

Stung by the erotics of repetition... tube collapsing into tube
the way it busts to fuck your love: there is much to this.

Learning the millions, undertaking sense operation.

And what about principled violence?

Hoping the people are armed.

i bite down most gently
and shake you around too

you see everything as the shot transitions

soldiering forth

me echoing inside

to invocations

the many factions i'd like to disarm

the axe they're both thinking about

having blood powers, stopping at blood nothing

snaggletoothed wound

the drums hit often

pressing on the book

refraining from certain rages

hoping
there is nothing
to do here after earth

Thursday, Jul 3, 2025 at 10:17 PM

“What a cannon, my heavens”—Pete Alonso

Oh humongous joy

as my tired head

melts the New York

Metropolitans' win into

a win for all the world, delicious

fantasy!

One where

the vectors of evil choke on all textures that pass their lips,
and

there is dancing in the street
for,

the People were armed and principled!

The laugh of this life. The wide
rut and the caul of it.

Later I’m still happy we won the game but at the time
I was convinced I felt freedom’s heave.

Sport will do
a lot to a man.

The crack of the bat… a tire iron.

I will not sweeten the message.

Put it in the books!

I.
The linden blossoms
died in the heat wave.

Where we spent
three days limp
and fussing.

Splayed on your couch,
and pouring sweat,

I could smell them
from the fire escape window,
wafting their delicate
honk as they went, adieu!

Coming up for air
in the air of the world,
coughing on it.

The nothing we promise
kisses each everything
we perform,
fiddling with the lip
of languagelessness.

II.
So. The fool steps into the fall
almost by definition – I was never
shy of this, stepping with intuitive
abandon.

It isn't just the rush
that lusts me after
sharing life, after all:

us being creation
touching
itself.

III.
[Pink chair. Game's
tied, top of the tenth.

Outside, speakers going
untz and babble babble;
vehicles going vroom and]

IV.
I make myself a truth.

While so doing, I observe:
When everyone's moving together,
we are ourselves precisely–
here is where we burrow in.

Baby, I like this.
Natural, possible
and actual.

I settle into my chair...

Security's stretch...

I stretch mine mid-invention.

Security..... I sit here with my jaw unclicked
for eons, consider it.

As I type, you call me
to tell me that we won and how.

Your call wipes the drool from my chin.

V.
Dancing or trudging,
we tire our feet.

Love abides wherever love may

(Staring down the barrel
of rotten governance)

to offer its fruit without peel.

Document.

When I'm dancing with myself here is
what I'm looking at: Cue footage: me
stilling my stomp smack dab at the edge
of the middle to take a picture of you
taking a picture of Christ
or whomever up there.

When I look away I close my eyes and holler and

you capture me
in the pit,
color of colors
and echo of whoops,
bathed in common pleasure.

You reunite this wandering
joy of mine
with its mate, the image.

Time's discrete unto time,
unconquerable and loving.

My blank brain's mystery remains.

In the pit, I feel things
happening in and to
my body.

By miracle
of incident,

you show
the world

the sum of countless places
we've thrown ourselves in
face first.

Thrashing around
lit by others' light,

I with my pen and you with your lens,
plus us with everyone,

entangled like sun with air.

MILESTAR

All my life my pores
have been brewing
a fat bath to oil follicles
into tenacious being.

Why stop now then?

It's sad that things
are company names.

Lucky son
of a gun’s

underpinning informs:
Romeo means boom.

Again,
making
war

with rubber
to the
road,

reproducing the signal.

Cannot
find the answer.

Into the solar
system...

All my life i have promised
my life to some other thing,

pushing too hard,
punishing my face.

Dark sip from my cup and
smeared on acting like it.

Trudging south alone
along Route Fifty
for six point seven miles
and other impossibly starry nights

I might have died in a ditch.

Dropping loose clumpy goo,

swimming down the vine, oop!

My device only
rocket hot.

I do the old trick,
well out of warranty,

once again braiding my time,
reset the power again.

Arching back from the cloud
impossibly as i live it...

Impossible!

My body after all,
all the way in it!

And what is that work?

Shaking my head at the pathos
of my own stupid life.

Bitchass
bacterium
bombard.

Stepping in
hairball.

Sucking on
trillions poured

into sports
medicine.

Love for human
focus.

Preparing for triage.

Sense that "to twin"

suggests eternity.

Living off
carbs I
learned

bread is the staff
of life, you monsters.

The soft side
is moist
with its ice.

Weaving some working awhile,

the labor intensifies
in its silence.

Nothing to do
tomorrow
and somewhere
to sleep
tonight.

Homonym

Do you think
the writer by writing
ever escapes the written?

The sky darkens.

I don't think so
but I think
it's funny to think about

The pace quickens.

Making and sharing priorities,
enacting ethos actively.

People reading,
cameras covered,

the sign in the sign
in the sign in
the city.

Heat (1995)[3]

there is nowhere to run in the airfield
should've kissed the palm of his hand

3 First appeared in Bruiser Mag online. https://www.bruisermag.com/hart_heat

Tuesday, Sep 16, 2025 at 11:08 PM

I just have this one thing to do.

but somehow I've opened June
Metal plus Global Protect,
without meaning
to or trying.

I scratch yellow blood crystal from the squeeze zone.

I have been addicted to squeezing my open comedones since I have been sentient I think. Closed ones too I guess. Many of my pores get or got stuck too far open. I remember a little rock in my face one time. I've become convinced I need to squeeze them like completing an important task. They curl out in a way that makes me want to hurl and I think "Thank God!!" as I wipe the waxy paste from the tip of my tool (metal loop or fingernail). I kind of like the sliver moons my nails dent into my skin, but geez the damage! I don't have the patience to pat dry or smooth product in gentle upwards swoops, letalone the patience to muster the self-control to stop picking. The loop is in theory supposed to cause less damage but it never works out that way –

it's equal or worse, it's just different.

But I can never finish!

Can hardly remember
not to prod the dormant cyst.

And think of the rest
of the day,
beyond this mirror's
squinting and squeezing!

All the people you do and do not see!!!

The damage.

Blowback after, finally,
an assassination (popularly
trotted out) hit like a wet
fart on the century...

The blowback, the sheer roar of it,
was in itself a form of censorship.

Do you remember the name of the man shot
and killed by ICE in Chicago on Friday during

a traffic stop? I listened to the news abnormally
late, after class, so around 6:45 pm is when I first
heard the name Silverio Villegas Gonzáles
on today's edition of *Democracy Now!*

I search "how many people die on Earth daily" and learn we haven't quite
cracked the second hundred thousand.

It’s nearing midnight – I can't believe it.

I watch the world live death clock and the world live birth clock
on the website Index Mundi in windows snapped in side by side.

How live is it really?

I bet it’s gist without
intricacy.

Many get neither
the gist nor the pace!

I try to imagine universal
basic death equity.

It doesn’t come.

I have to spit out every half a thought
just to think it all the way.

I search Silverio Villegas Gonzáles.
I search Michoacán.

The moment is always itself.

The Reader/Thursday, Sep 18, 2025 at 8:13 PM

Our teacher said:

“We are not
shaking this off,

we are breathing.”

I paraphrase
per the crumb my
memory allows.

Once she hears this
and lets me know,
I will amend with attribution
if attribution is desired,

as dated above
the title of this note
so mote it promised.

I imagine a future where my poetry is of use and it could be any future. Fun is of use. Wiping your ass with a torn-out page is of use. Writing your own poem after reading my poem is of use. Pulping my poem to make new paper that is harder to write on is impractical but you would make your point. A page for doodling is of use.

So this is your journal,
look at how much space!

Will you consider
the reader
with me?

I think all this
as I walk and I walk
past the fountain
in the park where
boys cruise,

and I see a twink's reflective
running shorts hem
detail disappear

straight down the middle of the dark.

of this mass steed

the first sound becomes the second
guess begets the third sword hews
the fourth tyrant spews the fifth
lesson coils the sixth message
eats the seventh silence

reality's frying pan bongs
and i thank all whatever

in vehicular operative drift
hollering to the driver

comings
and goings

cortical and otherwise
being that we are

slammed into the modern
morning, the news, the gears
and screens all over

a lady on the phone spits
"Are you kidding me, Yvette?"

astride the battering ram

pinks mismatching

works of faith

passing solid rock

doing anything, feeling

we all already earned it:
Life and being alive

asleep in no lane,
relaxing my eyes
to the distance

we chat, we let
each other go

Life, elastic tension

i am late but i'll keep trying

ruminant

a poem is always stretching time

yet we speak hand
similarly top part

saturn the rosy pin
beneath the moon again

ingrained farther
chewed and spat

you free animal

melt my heart

hand halfway inside

Saturday, Oct 11, 2025 at 9:56 PM

two bad bug bites itch my knee where i scraped it.
two bad bugs bit my scraped knee as it bled, i bet!

bucked and rabbited
snuffling and snuffling

i will my heart relax its fear to chance
frequent as i crave it

reprobate
as i must assume i am

CLASS WAR NOW

It’s been on, and it’s been

just slaughter.

The erotics
of menace,

inch by drip

at the party
next door.

On a Wednesday,

the young hang
drunk as you know.

You're like baby oh well.

My doctor's like
"use it or lose it."

I'm like oh okay,

already showing hole.

And I try to let
generosity

bloom warn
in my belly.

I manage to do
all of my undies
and most of
my shirts plus a
sheet and so
forth

for nine dollars and fifty cents.

Much of me
is useless.

I was born to escape the loop

in death and cursed instead
to bear my lot
in life.

Anything nourished,
unencumbered, will
outlive its utility.

Some die usefully;

consider who that is
and for whom!

Connect my four.

Cheesing itchy in my long johns,
folding laundry alongside Hasidim.

Trudging back under the weight:
Hamper lashed to my back,
bruising the crease of my shoulder
with its fat strap.

Trying and failing to step like
a cat, asshole twinkling with
irritation as well.

Oh brother! i suffer!

Collected writings about my ass and my pussy. Collected writings about my feet and my toes. Collected writings about liking what I get. Collected writings about

the goddamned laundry
I'm pausing writing
to go and get.

Collected nothing...

possible?

Parading down my block
in mistmatched (sic) socks,

struggling with language,

waggling while I work.

rae’s eke

faggotry reigns across
all human time

stuffing each and every
with this and that
and truly,

anything!
hahahaha!
divinity!

the fist
the most
ancient act,

i've believed this.

i, trampoline with a
sworn tithe convex'd

snap
i'm sideways in bed
yet somehow also snap

another i, in a belltower
on a cliffside, wind
whipping, scarves
dancing, first
by my hand
and then
of their own
accord

til first light
i must blush

oh woe! to awake
again, naught but a poet!

and even in that woe
among the many things
i do love i like it best

but for touch

finger
tip and
palm

i saw jupiter and i saw
aldebaran barreling
toward the hunter

gigantically luminous

lumberingly tapped down

elucidated

feeling my urethra
ache

Saturday, Oct 25, 2025 at 12:38 AM

why is it blank babe?

i retched for the ages

tending venus

wishing i was him

wait earlier
i was happy
being me

what the hell

i take off my shirt and
demand of my chest

"chest, what do you
demand of me?"

“only nipple sensation and decorative triumph"

ah-ha!

and so the name sat upon it and the nondominant gland spat

Friday, Nov 14, 2025 at 3:23 PM

nobody needs to know
my middle name
or if it exists

or if i
exist

and where do i
meet you

and where do i
keep it
to myself

heartache on heartache
rhythms as thy mouth
present it

heavy as the trough
collapses

partial rat
body part

the bird that's made
to eat us

when the guide
discovers the blood

Thursday, Nov 27, 2025 at 10:49 AM

The underclass of young reproducers...

The wandering spirit of acrylic
fiber's actual uses...

Forever and
not believing in it...

"We need ice cream and flowers,"
said the man on the street,

on my way to Nama through
the Mews on Last Waltz Day.

Annihilation's Talker

I fall head
over heels

for that stock-still
sound stage

over and over,
even in its garishness...

Eagerness....

the ruggedness
of pageantry,

I mean,

the smooth opalescence
of the concrete pool
that belies it!

The bubble pinkens.
the plastic plants
gleam.

First noticing
greasy burlap, then –

Ritual violence.

The presence
of legs...

Digging
for mandrake...

I'll believe it when I start
noticing it.

My goodness,
my voice

a mile long.

I'd lock it
with a zipper.

Some sequences are better than others.

I imagine their fish day and marvel
at the strange strength of his legs... the sundrop flutter in his voice.

The other creature in here finally settles and grooms itself peaceably.

And there I go, though, crinkling the damn bag.

Intimidation's relationship,
in your mind, with
wickedness.

Someone's more
soothing cymbals,

chopped and sorted.

Dropping to rest at the foot of the entrance.

Certain production budgets
step into the light.

I think I'd find god underground
just as soon as over it, a little faster.

Wondering what capacities I'll retain versus gain versus lose.

I do not have fun with surveillance and neither should you.

I wished I could know how they did it and I wished that
for a long time. And then I just tried
to find out.

Humanity's overall splotchiness peculiarly entangled with thinning tissues.

Tending to the creature
and typing with one hand.

Shooing when it bites.

With no minutes left for anything,
I offer up parts of my body to kiss.

The creature skulks into the room to plague me, waking and sleeping.

Eager taking.

The sanitation of “gripe”.

Falling asleep in my noodles
yet hungry for a snack.

Opening my chest to ceiling
dripping sweat, riding
my sweetheart.

Time has flown dizzily with you.

The subtle and unsubtle things
one man says to another,

never backing down
as ancestor to honesty.

Wick of the collared
man's machine
enters, stinking.

The ritual of demand

I often take my mouth out,

think i've written down
the poem playing
in my head,

but where?

I’m practicing mending

even my cheapest item,

so long as it
can bear
the mend.

meeting your life with my thumb and my palm

anatomy's anatomy

caressing each of your cilia

leaving small marks

Friday, Dec 26, 2025 at 3:44 AM

The prettiest thing that ever was is the little green star that comes off the belly button of a tiny tangerine. The world could explode into a drop of jam. You could have met your match.

Love was so unlike a battery as to almost negate its technology.

As one of earth’s least ancient animals I must protest the disgraceful sludge that spews forth from the mouth of capital's now. As a bonafide peasant child bride-bodied man, I know there are all sort of things to fear from all sorts of people.

Rather than peeling off the raw little cap I chose to bandage the thing.

Saturday, Dec 27, 2025 at 12:09 AM

not wanting to be
tracked

at the root of my
behaviors,

knowing i am

infinitely
traceable...

still, i'll keep living!

and marvel over my horrid pubes'
split ends

hairs all over my body,
begging to be born from the pore,
press spring-loaded shoulders into
the roof, my epidermis

button of pain

holy erasure

Our Eyes and Our Ears!
Our Laughter and Tears!

All the sounds are scritchy and spready,
positive—answering my step and June's chew.

Parallel, stretched across our languages,

knelt right beside her. In a way becoming
a part of her jaw, insofar (and it is far)
as I can can crawl in

to that creche, the sound.

Accompanied by cheerful toots
from the corners of each room.

As well the military ache
that beats itself across
the life of the world.

She slides closer to me,
still affecting aloofness,
eagerly at her task.

Having sweated at work.
Having known people who

did versus didn't
die while asleep.

And what could that mean.

Climbing through as she noses that thing,
myself wincing, hovering in the pain
of my deep hormonal sternum zit
which begs mercy for a flaming lance.

Aw, hell! I should play, but gently.

Beware your livelihood.